

# AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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## A Conversation on Spiritualism.

A. a Spiritualist, and B. a skeptic, meet, by appointment, to hold an hour's conversation on the subject of Spiritualism. There had some questions and answers passed between them, at their casual meetings, which resulted in an appointment to meet and compare sentiments on the subject, which, more or less, occupies many millions of minds, throughout the world.

A. I suppose, friend B., we are to converse on the subject which we have met to exchange sentiments upon, not as antagonist debaters, who, like bully pugilists, maul each other for the amusement of lookers on, but with a mutual desire to profit each other and be profited ourselves, by what we shall give and receive.

B. There would be little glory in a victory of words, seeing that we have no listeners but these trees. I have, as I have before expressed to you, long wished for this interview, that I might hear, from your own mouth, what your religious faith is, and what foundation it rests upon. And, first, allow me to ask you if you believe the Bible to be what we of the christian church claim for it—the word of God? or whether you repudiate it as fiction? Do you consider it a sacred gift of God, for the guidance of his human children? or do you condemn it as a collection of mere human essays and speculations, unworthy to be recognized as a standard of religious faith, or as a light to the feet of all who would walk in the path of truth?

A. Inasmuch as there is much said, both inside and outside of the christian church, about the sentiments entertained by Spiritualists in relation to the book called the Bible, I wish you to be very particular to truly understand and truly represent what I shall say in reply to your questions. As a whole, I neither believe nor disbelieve, accept nor repudiate, the Bible. I believe it contains much of the genuine word of God, because it contains much truth. God is truth, and truth, wherever found, whether in the Bible or any other book, is God's word. I love the truths of the Bible, but none the more for their being there. I love all there is of truth in the Talmud, the book of Zoroaster, the Coran and the book of Mormon. I love the truths of science, wherever I find them. It is highly gratifying to me, to witness the verification of the truths annually inserted in almanacs. When I find it affirmed, by science, that the Sun will be eclipsed by the Moon, on a given day, hour and minute, and when I realize its truth on the arrival of the specified time, I regard it as the sacred word of God; not because it is inserted in the almanac, but because it is true. But when speculation speaks, in the almanac, and tells what kind of weather there will be, in a particular latitude and longitude, three hundred and sixty-four days in the future, I pay no attention to it, because such prophecies as often prove false as truthful; and this is because no science, or law of nature, has yet been discovered, which so governs the phenomena of weather as to afford sure bases of calculation. But I do not condemn the almanac as all false, because it contains fallacious prophecies of meteoric phenomena, nor demand slavish faith, in all it says, because its predictions of planetary phenomena

prove true. I commend the almanac maker, for the truths of science which he works out and inserts in it; and I condemn him for affecting to do that which he is not capacitated to do. So I revere the manifest truths which I find in the book called the Bible, admitting them to be the word of God; and repudiate, as fabulous, all things therein contained, which conflict with the known laws of nature—the unalterable and eternal laws of God—and which my reason, which is the light furnished from the same source whence my soul emanated, for its individual guidance, rejects as philosophically and logically absurd.

B. Am I to understand you, then, that Spiritualists do not believe in the revelations of God's will to man, as recorded in the Bible, nor that He communicated with man, in the days of Moses, the patriarchs and the prophets?

A. You are to understand that Spiritualists allow each other to entertain their own sentiments, with respect to divine revelations, both ancient and modern; that they claim to occupy the position of independent individualities, so far as freedom of thought and the expression of sentiment are concerned. They are not only willing to tolerate discrepancies in religious sentiment, but to listen respectfully to each other, holding themselves open to conviction, on all matters of fact and philosophy, like true progressionists. If you require my own individual sentiments, in relation to the revelations of God's will to man, I am ready to give them. I do not believe that the Bible can any more rightfully claim God for its author, than can the golden verses of Pythagorus, or Pope's Essay on Man. I believe that writers, as well in ancient as in modern times, were more or less inspired by supra-mundane influences, which may or may not be called God, according to the estimate of his nature and attributes, by each individual mind. Every sentiment that was ever spoken or written by man, was an emanation from a spirit, either incarnate or ex-carnate. Therefore all the language contained in the Bible, is of spiritual origin. The more susceptible the mind of the writer is to spiritual impression, the more his writings will partake of the sentiments of disembodied spirits; and the more pure, elevated and wise the mind of the writer, the nearer will his writings approximate to the true philosophy of the subject on which he writes; because pure and elevated minds, in the flesh, attract to them pure and elevated spirits out of the flesh; and if spirits who impressed the writers of what is considered the divine revelations of the Bible, were ignorant of the philosophy which they attempted thus to communicate to mortals, as it is evident that many of them were, they are entitled to no more credit for truth than similar speculators in the flesh. The fact that a communicating or an impressing spirit has been divested of its mortal form, is not to be taken as evidence that he is more of a philosopher than he was before his transition, or that he knows more of God and His government than he did in the flesh; nor should such a spirit be listened to any more respectfully for his representation that he is a messenger from God; because he is just as likely to mistake a human spirit more elevated than him-



self, for God, as John was when he was about to fall down and worship the communicating spirit, on the isle of Patmos. And the spirit thus mistaken for God, is likely to know little more of God than his messenger does; for, whilst there is but a step between him and his messenger, there is the difference of an eternity between him and the Infinite God. Ignorance and the generally embraced and individually cherished superstitions of a nation and of an age, pass with the enlarged spirit, over the Jordan of death, to the shore of eternity, and cling to it there, with a tenacity which will resist centuries of angelic teaching. The "thus saith the Lords," of the prophet media, in old Testament times, were all honest misconceptions, when they came through honest minds.—The true announcement would have been, "Thus saith the communicating spirit, whose messenger I am." Thus you will understand that I do not assent to the proposition, that God, the Father and Infinite aggregate of all spirit, ever communicated, in His entirety, to mortal man, through any prophet, priest or medium.

B. Pray explain to me what kind of a being God is, in the estimation of Spiritualists. Your language carries the idea that you believe in the existence of a God, or a Great Father of all spirits.

A. Spiritualists do not pretend to comprehend God. Nor have they, that I am aware of, ever attempted a description of his nature, constituent elements, attributes and qualities, for general acceptance. The best idea that I can give you of my own individual conception of the Infinite Father, is that He is the totality of the universe; the countless billions of worlds constituting His physical body, and all the spirits that animate their inhabitants, and all that they have ever contributed to the population of the spirit realm, constituting that Infinite Unit, His all-pervading and all-directing spirit. And the principle by which all these individual bodies are constituted one body, and by which all the incarnate spirits in all the worlds, and all the disembodied spirits that have emanated from them in the past eternity, are constituted one spirit, is Harmony. Hence, according to my philosophy, harmony is the main spring of God's power; and so it consequently must be of all powers below Him, down to the individual man, who, when his system is out of harmony, is the impregnation of feebleness.

B. You do not believe, then, that God conversed, in person, with the patriarchs, with Moses and the prophets, as it stands recorded in the Bible. And are Spiritualists, generally, of this opinion?

A. I believe that disembodied human spirits returned to earth, then, as they do now, and held converse, in various ways, with spirits in the flesh, and that the latter, in many cases, through their ignorance, mistook those individual spirits, who were infinitesimal atoms of the Infinite Unit, for that whole Unit itself. These individual spirits spoke and communicated according to their development—truly and wisely, when they were developed to the plane of wisdom and of truth—truly or untruly, wisely or unwisely, according to circumstances, when not developed to that plane. Such was the case then, because such was the law that governed spirit intercourse with mortals. Such is the case now, because the law remains as it was then. And the law was such then, and is such still, that spirits not developed to the plane of wisdom and truth, were and are attracted to those in the flesh who are similarly undeveloped. Hence, let those who would have a criterion whereby to judge of the truthfulness of the spirits who communicate to them or through them, turn their self-inspecting visions inward, and see whether they are or are not truthful themselves. The higher the moral plane attained by the receptive mind, the more elevated

will be the attracted spirits, and the more reliable and instructive will be the messages received.

B. I learn, from conversing with Spiritualists and from their books and periodicals, that they repudiate the doctrine of hell, damnation, and the eternal punishment of the wicked. If this be the teaching of communicating spirits, do you not fear that they are emissaries from the father of lies, who, cunningly, seeks to blind the minds and dispel the fears of sinning mortals, till he can get them entirely within the grasp of his power? You place much stress upon the value of human reason. Does not that guide of the human mind teach you that a future of misery is the just reward of a life of sin and wickedness? How can you make God just, if the wicked and the righteous fare alike in the life to come? How many thousand do you find, in this life, whose opposite conditions and characters are truly represented by those of Dives and Lazarus; and shall they thus pass through this state of existence, and enter the next on equal terms? In this, spiritualism holds out no inducement to a virtuous life on earth. Such doctrine as this must tend to demoralization. I cannot believe in a doctrine so unjust and unreasonable. If you can clear this matter up, to the satisfaction of reason and justice, I shall be pleased to listen to you.

A. There is nothing more easy than to satisfy reason and justice, in relation to your objections. It will depend on how much of these two elements you have in your interior constitution, whether I shall be able to satisfy you or not.

You are right in your conclusion that Spiritualists repudiate the doctrine of hell, damnation and the eternal punishment of the wicked. The preparation of a hell and the decree of eternal punishment, would be positive evidence of premeditated cruelty and infinite malignity, in the Being whose will, as you are taught to believe, produced every thing, and which, consequently, must have given form, propensity and direction to all beings and intelligences produced. You cannot escape from the conclusion, that, if God did provide such a place of eternal torment, and issue such a decree of infinite and endless misery, he must have done so with malice prepense; for there were none to control him or to counsel him. This makes him a demon rather than a God—a being to be hated rather than loved. But the evidence goes still farther and convicts him of folly as well as injustice and cruelty. Even his human creatures, or many millions of them, know better than to even kill the body, as punishment for crime, with a view to the betterment of human nature; much less would they think of shutting up a human soul in a caldron of burning sulphur, to scald there eternally—if it were practicable to do so—for the purpose of reform; and the despot who would be guilty of such unrelenting cruelty, must be a fool as well as a demon.

As regards the injustice of God, which you complain of, as manifested by the equality of condition, in the spirit world, of those whose characters answer to the Dives and the Lazarus of the scripture, there is no such injustice, for there is no such equality of condition. That there is what we call evil, in the world, we have to acknowledge; but whether it is positive, or only apparent evil, is a matter for philosophers to decide, who are more deeply read in nature's laws. There are specimens of humanity, among all communities—the more is the pity—who not only violate conventional laws, which are instituted by men, for their own government, but who also violate the law of their own being, continually.—They commit depredations upon the persons, property and rights



of their fellow men, for which they are made to suffer, not only the inflictions which human laws prescribe, but also the scorn of every person whose good opinion and good will are desirable.—They sin against themselves by violating the law of nature. This is done by indulging in practices of debauchery, by which both the intellectual and physical man are injured. Here the violated law steps in and avenges itself—so to term it—upon the violator, by the regular process of cause and effect. We have seen how he is punished for injuries unjustly inflicted by him, upon others. Now see his ragged garments, his fiery eyes, his bloated visage, his rheumatic limbs, his diseased system and his general loathsomeness, all which are the legitimate results of self abuse—the penalties of violated law, which even God himself cannot remit, because he cannot break his own laws and still be God. Now look through the whole community, of which he is an unworthy member, and you cannot find a person whom he has injured, that suffers as much as he does.

Now let us follow the Dives and the Lazarus, and the virtuous man and the vicious man, to the spirit world, and see whether they enter upon the march of eternity, on equal terms, or in similar conditions. Here we find that the rich man, who fared sumptuously every day, and who heaped up treasures on earth, which were the fruits of unrequited toil; who never visited the widow and the fatherless, but to take from them their last shilling, for the rent of a miserable hovel, and leave them, at every visit, still more wretched than before; who was a rank idolater, worshipping continually at the shrine of Mammon, and allowing no kindly emotion to find a lodgment in his soul, has found, in his new abode, a condition of debasement and mental misery. Around him cluster spirits of similar character, with haggard countenances; despair stares from his eyeballs; not an upward aspiration springs from his dwarfed soul; whilst a thousand accusing spirits, being those whom his rapacity had victimized on earth, stand above him, pointing their fingers at him and crying: Repent, miserable wretch! and we will heap coals of fire upon your head, by laboring for your redemption.

The Lazarus of this pair, who takes his departure from earth at the same time, drops his emaciated form with its habiliments of poverty, at the threshold of eternity; springs into a new life, with all the elasticity and beauty of youth; bright angels stand ready to receive him; a crown of righteousness is placed upon his head, and he soars away with a joyous host of welcomers, leaving miserable Dives to groan for the abominable dross from which death, with strong hand, has divorced his wedded soul.

The other pair, the one of which lives a virtuous life and the other a vicious one, present a case of equal disparity of condition. The spirit of him who lived the life of vice, is in a miserable condition, on entering the spirit world; and he groans aloud when he sees the companion of his transit take his upward flight, in charge of a convoy of glorified spirits. He has nothing to look longingly back to earth for, however, and he commences repentance and reformatory labor, many centuries before the Dives does, who spends the first thousand years of his spirit life in lingering around bank and treasury vaults, where large masses of coin are deposited; and the only object of his ardent desire—the sole employment of his will and his energies, is to abstract the vile object of his adoration, and transport it to his comfortless home in the spirit world, there to gloat over it eternally. But, poor soul! he is at length compelled to believe that he can never effect that darling object; and the moment in which he relinquishes all effort in that direction,

he feels the first impulse to look above—experiences the first upward aspiration.

This, my dear sir, is a true picture of cause and effect, in earth life and spirit life. Do you see in it no incentive to a life of virtue? Do you now think the philosophy and religious doctrine of Spiritualists are promotive of immorality? Can you not see rationality, as well as beauty and loveliness, in spiritual teachings?

B. I should like to hear what you Spiritualists have to say on another article of faith, which you may find in the Bible, and which is taught by nearly all christian sects. This is a final judgment day, when the world shall be destroyed, when the dead shall all be raised out of their graves; when all human spirits, which have been in heaven or hell, or lying in a state of torpidity, shall return to their respective resurrected bodies; and when Jesus shall sit upon the judgment seat, to judge them all, according to the deeds done in the body, and send them all to their places of final abode.

A. Spiritualists think that this article of faith is one of the most ridiculous pieces of religious nonsense that ever found a resting place in the brain of infatuated humanity. I cannot have patience to bring philosophical reasoning to bear upon it. The idea of raising up innumerable billions of old bodies, every atom of which has passed into thousands of other organizations, and each has constituted a particle of hundreds of different human bodies, is too gross an absurdity for any mind half a degree in advance of idiocy, to entertain for a moment. Then the foolery of calling damned souls out of hell, and blest souls out of heaven, merely to send them back again, would be business which Jesus would be ashamed of.

B. Do you deny, then, that there is any day of judgment, in which human souls are awarded their appropriate guerdons, according to the deeds done in the body?

A. Every soul has its own day of judgment; and that is the day in which it passes from the earth life to the spirit life. Its own account, ready balanced, it carries with it, so that there are no old records to be overhauled or disputed about. Every human spirit is like a thermometer, in which the mercury is elevated or depressed by the temperature of every breeze that falls upon it; for, in like manner, the human spirit, through the whole of its earth life, is elevated by its every good thought, word, act and emotion, and depressed by every evil deed, thought, intention and passion. Thus, upon its countenance is written its degree of elevation, and it takes its position in obedience to an irresistible law of its being. There is no other account than this—no other judgment than this; Paganism, Judaism, Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, and all the other isms, to the contrary notwithstanding.

B. I perceive that there are some thoughts which you touch incidentally, but slur over, as if there were danger to your religious logic, in going into their depth. For instance: you seem to doubt that there is such a thing as positive evil, in the world of humanity. Will you not give me the spiritual philosophy, on this subject?

A. Since you have remembered as much as you have, see if you cannot remember that I referred you to minds more deeply read in nature's laws, for a decision of that question. I will, however, give you, in brief, my own ideas on that subject:

The evils, or what we call such, which we have to encounter in this life, are necessary to that progress which matures and prepares



the human soul for its transition. Continual action is as indispensable to the growth of the soul, as labor or other exercise is to the health and growth of the physical form. Mind is the prime minister of spirit. It sets the members of the body to work, at the bidding of the spirit, when material difficulties have to be surmounted. The spirit has to labor continually to provide itself knowledge of the phenomena and philosophies of nature. This it does, through the mind, in its waking hours; and when the body and mind sleep, it slips away, roams at large, and gathers what is termed intuitive knowledge, for itself. Every evil, or impediment, or annoying circumstance which the man meets in his path of life, calls into action the energies of the growing soul; and by these continual exercises of its powers, it waxes stronger continually. Were there no evils—no difficulties, to be encountered, there would be no labor, no exercise for the spirit; and inertia would be, to the young soul, like the iron shoe to the infant foot of the Chinese female. It would remain an infant, and would have to enter the spirit world a dwarf, without knowledge, wisdom or power to commence the labors of eternity with. Thus, you see, what we regard as evil, is productive of ultimate good, and is rather apparent than positive evil.

B. You spoke of the absurdity of recalling souls from hell and heaven, merely to send them back again; but said nothing of that tenet of faith which is held by many christian teachers, that the spirits of all the inhabitants of earth, who have died since the creation, and all that will die before the destruction of the world and the general judgment, will sleep, or exist in a state of unconsciousness, till the trump of the angel, on the morn of the resurrection, shall reanimate their mouldered bodies, and awaken them to reoccupy their refitted tenements, preparatory to receiving their final sentences.

A. I have already given you my sentiments, in relation to the resurrection of the body and the general judgement. As respects the destruction of the world, I did not deem it worthy of notice. If God can destroy himself, he can destroy the world. If he cannot do the one, he cannot do the other; because the world, as I have shown you, is a component part of himself, and it would be suicide to destroy it. As respects the idea of laying up, in some imaginary receptacle of spirit mummies, all the souls that have passed and will pass from this life, from the first development of intelligent humanity, to some period in the infinite future; the thought is too far beneath rational philosophy for a sane intellect to spend its time with. Nay—the idea is too pitifully puerile to be seriously laughed at. I hope, as far as I have gone, I have succeeded in convincing you that Spiritualists reason sanely, if not truly.

B. Would to heaven I could be certain that your philosophy and your religious doctrines are true; but I cannot—dare not believe them.

#### Lecture by E. C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

From every minute department of existence to the loftiest unfoldment of creative intelligence, there come undying powers and beauties, reconciling mind with stubborn facts, and not only making religion a faith, but an every day duty. And while along the chain of being we trace facts, washed from the waters of immortal shores, and resting on the strands of outer life, we inevitably draw deductions from reason's mighty world, and prove to the more minute intelligences of mind, that truth has somewhere a focus, an origin and a source. And as we draw

these conclusions, though the world may not also see the same unfading glories in the revealments of animate life, yet nature stands firmly with us, proclaiming in every changing breeze, that mind, the true indication of eternity, has, equally with truth, a heaven and a God; for mind is fact—a living reality, endowed with capacities of expanding natures, which render it appreciative of the unfoldings of life within its own sphere, and making it brilliantly capable of judging from natural causes and effects, of the magnanimity and mighty power of that source from which every breath of life and every pulsation of the soul first found its immortal inspiration.

And while viewing the immense realities of nature and feeling the breath of God wafting over our burning soul, fraught with the fire of inspiration, loaded with the wealth of unspoken eloquence, and our hearts throbbing in the richness and perfectness of human life, we stand aside, deeming ourselves but atoms in life when beholding the majestic wonders of Him who hath carved from the pebbled rock, and from the human heart, an immortal soul. Yet if the human mind, possessing its own powers of expansion and contraction, feels not its aspirations drawn irresistibly to the bosom of nature, there revelling in the brightness of truth, glowing in the sunshine of an ever loving God, beholding, in the leaf, a miniature of itself, and, in the crystal drop a reflection from the fount of heaven—if it behold not all this in harmony with every warm impulse of the soul, and with every out-gushing tenderness of the heart, the very air it inhales will be unfeeling, and the life-nourishment the soul draws from nature's elements, will be devoid of beauty, and the world become a dreary desert, with no fragrant flowers of hope in the broad expanse of human feeling; no sweet aromas will be wafted on the air of harmony, through the countless chambers of intellectual thought; but life instead of being a universe, becomes a parched desert, filled with burning sands. Then how essential it is for every heart to open its avenues to the influx of thought, and resist not the tide of truth that ever flows from the deep ocean of natural life, as its waves roll on bearing man on, nearer the heaven of his soul, and to the grave of his outer existence.

There are some who regard their God as a curiosity, and love to behold his mighty workings as one would gaze at some beautiful panorama, formed by man, to delight the sensibilities of the mind. And there are those who fear Him, as the slave would fear his master, just as if God, the adored source of all beneficence and unchanging goodness, could, by any means, chain the soul in an imperfectly constructed form, subject to disease and deformity, if nature's laws be violated; and as if He could, in His goodness, command the soul to be as perfect as Himself; or else, in another world, created by Himself, an ocean of molten lava will envelop the entire world of human intelligence, to burn and writhe in this agony through an unceasing eternity, while He still smiles on, with no word of encouragement, no hope of ever being forgiven. In this blaspheming thought, man would make himself better than his God; for, in all the dens of crime, there is not a heart so unfeeling, but what, if it saw a gentle mother or a loving father burning in flames of fire the extended hand would, from the natural impulsive love of the soul, save those loved ones if possible, from such a sad fate. The soul cannot be so dead to the emotions of love, or so unfeeling to the gushing warmth of the sympathies inherent in every nature, as to forget all feeling in the hours of physical or mental suffering.

And yet we often wonder why men will so blaspheme every religious principle of their being, plunging, knowingly, into still deeper dungeons of materiality, while, in hours of calm meditation, the soul would fain clap its white wings and soar away, and seek sympathy from the skies. Yes, the rudest savage is struck with the beauties of nature, and the tide of feeling courses truly beneath the rough exterior, and even mind opens a vista which carries the gaze of man into the regions of infinity, and ever exhibits the power and beauty of the immensity of space and of the boundless operations of God. Some worship their God in deeds of charity and in acts of benevolence; and those hearts that pulsate with sympathy for every suffering of earth, have won a joy in heaven.



The approbation of God through angels, is borne down from the bright pearly strands of immensity, and thrills the human soul with bright emotions of untold happiness.

'Tis all in vain to fetter freedom; for mind, dignified, ennobled and united with humanity, shall vie with angels in its upward course, and from heaven find the breath of charity, and the white-thoughted intellect, like an immortal heart, will beat in rapture with inward melody. The world must yet become the paradise of the human heart; and as from 'mid the skies the music notes of angels are heard, and earth wakes from its sleep, and pulses thrill with celestial minstrelsy, and its prayers, like angels, float on before its own gaze, every finite heart its kindred heart its kindred spirit greets, from the world of eternal love, and pure and holy thought, born of God, shall fill the soul with wisdom vast and sublime; and every finite brow shall wear the sun-embell of truth, and man must become as free as the thoughts of Deity. And while earth seems but an infant universe, yet each atom is an harmony, so delicate and calm that even angels cannot picture its inner loveliness. The virtues of the mind like elements of nature, must condense and expand by the quickening power and vastness of thought that, in every finite change, ascends in beauty and loveliness, to another bright world, there to move on in brighter and holier pursuits, and ever rising, become a still higher ultimatum of knowledge and wisdom.

As o'er life we glide, now hopeful—now desponding, the mind is subject to corresponding changes with the seasons, and with day and night. There is a midnight of the soul, when no stars gild the firmament o'er-spanning the heart, but clouds ride o'er their brilliancy, and the soul is dreary and the feelings become dark. 'Tis then the midnight of the human soul. But when the heart dances in the sunlight of its own being, drinks the pearly drops of gladness, and smiles when the shadow flits gently across it, then is it the daylight of the soul. The heart hath its spring, when the flowers of hope come forth, fragrant and beautiful; and in the summer-time of the soul they bloom in loveliness, and are tinted with the brilliant hues of nature, and they look like pearls on the brow of the ocean; but when autumn comes, in its eolian mournfulness, sad and lone, pining for its sympathy beyond the earth, where angels dwell in perpetual harmony, and in its existence brings chilling winds, then flowers begin to fade, then droop, and the winter of the heart comes on, and the bitter blast hath swept all those fragrant flowers away; but in the spring-time of the heart, they again re-appear, and in all the mighty revolutions of the mind, nothing is lost.

The soul hath its sun-shine and rain. It hath its dew at morn and at evening, and its shadows and its clouds, its brightness and its shade. And mind is subject to every change which nature undergoes, and revolves around an individualized centre, where sweet affections ever entwine, in charity to man and love to God. Within the mind, some flowerets of Eden still bloom; and within their sanctuary, all gentle hopes and fond affections seek a refuge of peace, and the soul flies to the ark of love and folds its weary wings in safety from its weary flight through the earth. The mind hath not yet lost *all* its flowers of feeling. Then be earnest to *all*, for why should you, for custom's sake, lay a cold hand upon the heart's warm pulse, and crush those warm feelings back, which, if kindly and truly uttered, add links to the chain of love? Why, for the sake of those who dare to blaspheme your sacred right, freedom of opinion, convulse a soul overflowing with sympathy, when thou art called, by a Living God, to be pure and true? The smooth hypocries, the polished falsehoods, and the cold, dead forms of hollow mockeries, brought against the word of God, wherever found, are held by God in scorn; then speak freely thy free thought, wherever thou art, and not contract a single pulse of truth, though all the world scorn you for doing right.

When summer eve hath barred the dazzling gates of light, and one by one the stars come forth, it would be folly if they should deny there was day, be anse they never shine in its light, and scorn the nature which proves that God hath created both day and night. Then be earnest and speak freely thy free thought wherever thou art, and pause

not to dream of the future—pause not to weep o'er the wild cares that come o'er the proud and noble heart; for the soul's deep musical chorus, unintermitting, goes up to heaven in every moment of its life.

The ocean wave falters not in flowing: then speak, from out nature's great heart, the truths it unfolds; for the darkest cloud contains a shower, and the wild wind bringeth ever in its sweep, brightness.—Then boldly and proudly come forth with a stout heart and resolute will, and droop not, though anguish and sin may surround you; but bravely fling off the cold chain of custom that crushes the soul, and look to heaven, smiling beyond the blue canopy above, and rest not content in darkness, but work for good, though your progress may be slow. Cherish some flower, be it ever so lonely, water its thirsting nature with the dew of love; and let the sun-shine of thy heart be its heaven; and let the soul smile upon it, and thy every good deed be a prayer to thy God.

E. C. DAYTON.

### Spiritualism and its Opponents.

Those who most strenuously oppose Spiritualism, often assign for a reason that it is so contradictory and absurd in its teachings that no one can know what to believe, admitting that the communications come from the Spirit-world. But contradiction and absurdity in the supposed teachings of Spirits lay no foundation for rejecting the fact that the teachings are from the Spirit-world, any more than the contradictions and absurdities of the theories of those who oppose Spiritualism demonstrate that they are not from this world.

The explanations given by those who have written against Spiritualism are as contradictory and absurd as anything which has purported to come from the Spirits; and I suppose we should be thought uncharitable if we therefore concluded that all the writers against Spiritualism were ignorant and hypocritical liars, real devils, trying to ruin the world. The Buffalo doctors, after a thorough, careful and honest investigation, if their account may be credited, came to the sage conclusion that the sounds were produced by the "snapping of the toe and knee joints;" and to account for the production of sounds in different parts of the room, they made the astounding discovery that the "ear could not locate sound." This explanation was at once accepted by the opponents of Spiritualism as a full solution of the mystery, and it was expected that these wonders would then cease.

C. Chauncey Burr, seizing upon the hint of the learned Buffalonians, took his brother Heman and commenced experimenting to see in how many ways he could make sounds, and he claimed to have discovered over fifty different methods of producing these sounds; and so he became a missionary of the opposition school, and went about the country exposing the "humbug" through the toeship of Brother Heman. The farce seemed to promise well for a time, but after a while the community came to think that whatever might be that which this missionary was endeavoring to expose, the exposition itself was a humbug, and so that missionary ceased his labors, and Spiritualism went on.

After a time a further cause of these phenomena was discovered.—The theory of the Buffalonians and of Burr was decided to be a humbug, and those who had received it had been humbugged, but now the real cause was clearly discovered. These sounds were produced, and tables were moved by simple electricity, and these electric discharges were regulated by a sort of unconscious intelligence in the circle! The opponents of Spiritualism, greedily as ever to have the mystery explained without calling in the aid of Spirits, seized upon this as a final settlement of the question; and the pulpit and the press took up their trumpets and spake to the people, and told them that the problem was finally solved—the mystery was explained; electricity had been performing all these wonders. And the people said, Amen. This explanation would have answered the purpose very well, had it not been that the manifestations would not conform to the known laws of electricity; and beside, the most delicate electrometers denied the presence of electricity even when operations of the most powerful character were going forward. So the Spirits would not down at the bidding of electricity.



But the opponents of Spiritualism were not to be defeated thus.—Next came the learned Farady. Now we are to look for something great and decisive on the question. The opponents had been humbugged three times, and according to the old adage, "Three times and out," it was not right to ask them to be humbugged a fourth time. But there was no limit to their patience. The learned Faraday discovered that the movement of tables, etc., was occasioned by an involuntary contraction of the muscles of the medium. He had constructed some very ingenious apparatus by means of which he had detected that fact, and there no longer remained any question on that subject. The pulpit and the press spake again and again; the opponents responded, Amen—so mote it be.

But here again facts would not conform even to the learned Faraday's explanation. There were hundreds of thousands of people who had witnessed manifestations of great power where the medium was in no way connected physically with the object of potential manifestation, and it was therefore certain that such power did not originate in the "involuntary contraction of the muscles of the medium." There were thousands of little children not ten years old who knew that such an explanation was a humbug; and beside, Dr. Hare of Philadelphia, by divers experiments, demonstrated the existence of such force entirely disconnected from the muscular agency of the medium. So the incredulous people were humbugged a fifth time, even by the learned Faraday of whom they ought to have expected better things. But they took it heroically, and stood ready for another trial.

Then came Rogers and Dods with their theories of the automatic action of the back-brain; and of involuntary and unconscious contingent action proceeding from "brain-centers;" and of power proceeding from "nerve-centers," all of which, to the mass, was as unintelligible as the "jargon of Babel." Yet the world most eagerly accepted the theories as a philosophical explanation of the "spiritual humbug," although the explanation was a thousand fold darker than the mystery it proposed to solve, and was another illustration of mistaking words for ideas.

Then comes the report of the Congregational clergymen of New York and vicinity through their committee. Although the spiritual "humbug" had been so often exposed, it would not stay exposed; like Banquo's ghost, "it would not down." And after a patient and thorough investigation of the facts and phenomena coming within the observation of the committee, they are constrained to say that no other hypothesis than a spiritual one will account for the wonderful manifestations. The "pneumatic" and "apneumatic" theories are compared, and they decide in favor of the pneumatic theory; but they considered the doctrines the Spirits taught as contradictory to the doctrines of the Bible, and therefore the manifestations were from evil Spirits, and ought not to be heeded. Now, what became of the knee-and-toe-jointism of the Buffalo M.D.'s? What became of Brother Heman's fifty ways of making sounds? What is to be done with electricity run wild and Professor Farady's involuntary muscular contraction of the mediums? How with the "automatic action of the back-brain," and the potential goings forth of "NERVE" and "BRAIN-CENTERS?" Alas! who shall decide when the Doctors disagree?

But the opposition are not yet satisfied with their own explanations, to say nothing of the insufficiency of all spiritual hypotheses. So the learned Mahan, the man of "giant intellect," the "Rev." "A. M.," "D. D." the "first" and last "President of the Cleveland University," undertakes the task of "laying the Spirits." He felt able to "explain" and expose the "humbug." He "admitted the facts," he said, "because they were true, and could not be denied," but he affirmed that they were to be explained by reference to causes of a "mundane" character and origin. A new and invisible force had been discovered by certain European philosophers, which, when understood, would account for all these strange phenomena, and strange indeed, he said they were. But unfortunately this man of "giant intellect" did not seem to understand the oddity of "Odd Force," and his exposition fell still-born. No man was

wise enough to understand it, and very few fools enough to believe it; and so ended that "*Exposition*."

And lastly we have the book of Joseph F. Berg, D. D., pastor, etc., Philadelphia. He thinks it is quite time the Christian ministry and people understood the Bible doctrine of Demons and Guardian Angels; and that they may understand it, he gives his views upon the subject, which are briefly these: The Bible teaches the doctrine that the spirits of deceased human beings, called demons, have and can hold converse with persons in this sphere of existence; and that not only the spirits of bad men and women can re-visit the scenes of earth, and manifest themselves under certain circumstances, but that good ones can do the same. He believes this not from any fact which he has witnessed, but because the Bible teaches it, and he thinks if the ministers understood the Bible right, they would teach so too. He is of the opinion, however, that the instances are rare where good Spirits or demons do thus manifest themselves to the world, not from any apparent or philosophical difficulty in the way, but because the instances recorded in the Bible are very few.

What explanation is to come next from the opposition, it is not easy to determine; but judging of the future from the past, there will be some other hypothesis during the coming year, which will seem to satisfy its author for a short time, and the people for a shorter one, when it will follow in the footsteps of its predecessors, be laughed at, called a humbug, and then take its place among the things that are not, while the phenomena and the philosophy which have been so often "exposed" and "explained," will continue to interest and convince the world of the reality of its spiritual origin and destiny.

Now if contradiction and absurdity are to be received as evidence of the non-spiritual origin of these phenomena, what shall be said of the contradiction and absurdity prevailing among the opposition in their explanations and expositions? Spirits themselves, being fallible in their perception and understanding of spiritual things, can not differ more widely than do these sage men who undertake the task of setting them aright. One class say these phenomena are the result of trickery on the part of mediums; another says, Not so—they are the result of a secret force in their own organism which is not understood; another says it is nothing but electricity; another says it is not electricity, but it is Od Force; another says it is neither the one nor the other—the phenomena are produced by the agency of evil Spirits; says another still, not only evil Spirits, but occasionally good ones, manifest themselves unto the world; and so they go on. All this disagreement only tends to prove that men do not perceive and understand alike the actualities of existence. Even in things pertaining to this world, men differ very widely in their opinions. Let this be borne in mind, and then we can see that these contradictions and absurdities purporting to come from the Spirit-world prove one thing, and that is, that men and Spirits are liable to err in their perceptions and understanding; that all things known to the mind are only known as they are portrayed upon the consciousness; that all truths known to man are only known as they exist in his understanding; and having learned this, let us look for the source of error in ourselves and we shall sooner find the way of arriving at the truth.—*Tiffany's Monthly*.

### Sulphur.

Sulphur is a great institution. Mingled with iron it seriously weakens it, and in fact the great problem in iron making is how to get rid of it, or to avoid introducing it with the fuel. Mingled with saltpetre it forms gunpowder, as symbolical of war, as is the iron manufacture of the arts of peace. Mingled with india-rubber, it vulcanizes it into "a kind of vegetable metal," capable of becoming harder, instead of softening with heat. Mingled with ore in the earth, it forms the rich "galena," the brilliant "pyrites," or the valuable sulphurets, but mingled with the gases which escape in smelting the same, it destroys vegetation and proves very mischievous generally.

Mingled with oil, a late patent assures us the product is a cheap gum,



not unlike rubber, very valuable for its water-proofing qualities, and unrivalled as a protector for clothing or as a coating for porous and crumbling stone. Another inventor has discovered that, melted with bone dust, and again ground, it makes a most powerful fertilizer; and yet another, that its fumes are just the thing for manufacturing jerked beef. Diffused to a certain extent in water, medical properties are developed, and dyspeptics rush headlong to "the Springs." Altogether, sulphur is fully entitled to be considered one of the prime staples which go to make a world.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—We can imagine what hard work it was for the writer of the above, to restrain himself from adding the following: "And, without it, the orthodox christian church would have neither foundation, superstructure nor vitality. [ED. A. OF P.]

#### THE REPTILES OF TEXAS.

A writer thus speaks of the reptiles of Texas: "The cattle are not the sole occupants of the prairie by any means. Drove of wild horses are not unfrequent, and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black brother. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at; the bite of the former is easily cured by drinking raw whiskey till it produces intoxication; but for the latter there is no cure. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider, with a body about the size of a hen's egg and his legs five or six inches long, and covered with a long, coarse black hair. He lies in cattle tracks, and if you see him, move out of his path, as his bite is absolutely certain death, and he never gets out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night you will have cause to remember him for months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature and is very difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life to consider these lesser evils annoyances. But the insects! flying, creeping, running, digging, buzzing, stinging, they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and there the rejoinder in our camp is, "Will you have it with a bug or without?"—The horned frog is one of the greatest curiosities here, and is perfectly harmless. It has none of the cold slimy qualities of his northern brother, but is frequently made a pet of. Chameleons are innumerable, darting over the prairie with inconceivable swiftness, and undergoing their peculiar change of color of the object under which they may be. The woods on the banks of the bayous are perfectly alive with mocking birds, most beautiful, and feathered game is abundant and very tame, and is scarcely ever sought after. The only varieties that I have seen are quail, partridge, snipe, mallard, plover, and prairie hen."

#### THE ROMAN SPEAR.

It is said that the lance which opened the side of Christ is now kept in Rome, but has no point. Andrew, of Crete, who lived in the seventh century, says it was buried together with the cross: and St. Gregory of Tours, and the venerable Bede, testify that in their time it was kept in Jerusalem. For fear of the Saracenes, it was buried privately at Antioch, in which city it was afterwards found, and, it is asserted, wrought many miracles. It was first carried to Jerusalem, and then to Constantinople; and at the time that city was taken by the Latins, Baldwin II. sent the point of it to Venice, as a pledge for a loan of money. St. Louis, king of France, redeemed it, by paying the sum for which it was pledged, and had it conveyed to Paris where it is still kept in the Holy Chapel. The rest of the lance remained at Constantinople after the Turks had taken that city, till the year 1492, when the Sultan Bajazet sent it by an ambassador to Pope Innocent VIII.

#### The Moral Warfare.

When freedom on her natal day,  
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptized her infant brow in blood,  
And, through the storm which round her swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then where the quiet herds repose,  
The roar of baleful battle rose,  
And brethren of a common tongue,  
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,  
And every gift on freedom's shrine,  
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;  
Their strife is past—their triumphs won;  
But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rises in their honoured place—  
A moral warfare with the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight,  
And strong in him whose cause is ours  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons he has given,  
The light, and truth, and love of heaven!

#### Beware of Impostors.

A lady, claiming to be a clairvoyant and healing medium, called on us in the early part of July, to aid her in procuring a boarding place. We did so, and Mr. Peck, of the Boston Hotel, received her. She stayed 13 days and left the house clandestinely, without paying any part of her bill. She calls herself "MADAME DE-MARK." She may be known by her ear trumpet, which she is compelled to use on account of deafness.

—Mr. A. J. DAVIS will *not* be here on Sunday next. He will be here and give us a course of lectures, when the weather is cooler.

#### THE NUTMEG TREE.

The Nutmeg tree flourishes in Singapore, near the equator. It is raised from the nut in nurseries, where it remains till the fifth year when it puts forth its blossoms and shows its sex. It is then set out permanently. The trees are planted thirty feet apart, in diamond order a male tree in the centre. They begin to bear in the eighth year, increasing for many years, and they pay a large profit. They are cultivated chiefly by Europeans. There is no nutmeg season. Every day of the year shows buds, blossoms and fruit, in every stage of growth to maturity. The nutmeg is a large and beautiful tree, with thick foliage, and of a rich, and deep green colour. The ripe fruit is singularly brilliant. The shell is glossy black, and the mace it exposes when it bursts, is bright scarlet; making it one of the most beautiful products of the vegetable world.

The Coffee tree dies out in fifteen years, and its height is only eight feet; hence it is planted in the intermediate spaces between the young nutmeg trees.

Black Pepper is the fruit of a vine that is supported by stout rails nine feet high. The pepper gardens resemble patches of hops, except that the foliage is thicker, and of a darker green.

—A gentleman whose house was repairing, went out one day to see how the work progressed, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the carpenter: "Why don't you take care of these nails? they will certainly be lost." "No," replied the carpenter, "you'll find them in the bill."



# AGE OF PROGRESS.

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THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

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## Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

Inasmuch as the steamer Clifton, the Chippawa R. R. train, and our worthy friend, E. DANIELS, of New York, conspired to abduct us from Buffalo to Niagara Falls, on Sunday last, we did not witness any thing that was done in the hall, till evening. We learn from others, however, that there was speaking in the morning and afternoon, by several persons, among which were BARNES, the fisherman, WEEKS, of Minnesota, and SLAYTON, of Lockport. And they all spoke as the spirit gave them utterance.

In the evening, when we arrived at the hall, we found a strange gentleman—strange to us—speaking; and he spoke so fluently, so easily, so rationally, so argumentatively, so philosophically and so well generally, that we wondered, when we came to learn that his name is STEBBINS, and that his dwelling place is Rochester, why we had never before heard of him as a lecturer. Rochester, what do you mean by keeping such lights hidden under your bushel basket? It is true that he is not the largest of candles; but he is pure sperm and emits a beautifully brilliant flame. Send him to us as often as you please, and we will put him on our best candlestick, every time.

At the conclusion of Mr. STEBBINS, Miss SCOTT, who was already entranced, was brought to her feet by her controlling spirit, and gave utterance to a beautiful address, the conclusion of which was a valedictory to her spiritual friends in this city. The reason why she is bidding adieu to her friends in Buffalo, as we understand, is that she is about forming a matrimonial connection with a gentleman in New York. We have not received liberty even to tell as much as we have. It may be that we shall obtain license before we go to press, to give the gentleman's name who is about to make her his wife. If we should, we will add it to this paragraph.

## "No incentive to a Virtuous Life."

Those who are either naturally or wilfully blind, insist on it that Spiritualism presents no incentive to moral and virtuous lives. In their estimation, there is no incentive worthy to be deemed such, but escape from eternal punishment. Such ones abstain from gross immoralities, and from the commission of violence upon the properties, rights and lives of their fellow man, not for the love of justice and humanity, but for fear of punishment, here and hereafter. They respect the criminal code, for fear of pecuniary mulct, the penitentiary and the halter. They utter adulatory flattery to God, telling him how powerful he is, how wise he is, how good he is and how merciful he is, and acknowledging it to be their bounden duty to love him with all their souls, and all this for fear of hell. Take away from them the terrors thus held over them by their creeds and the laws of man, and they would, Samson like, break assunder the cords of moral restraint, mock at humility, snap their fingers at justice, laugh at religion, and make a jest of God himself.

On the contrary, the Spiritualist is aware that a virtuous life is the only source of true happiness in this world, independent of all future considerations. Add to this, he knows that his destiny is governed by the law of progression—that he will find himself, on reaching the spirit world, on the same plane of elevation or depression which marked his condition here. He is continually conscious that those friends whom he loved more than all others, who have passed to the spirit world, are constantly hovering around him, using their influence to raise him to their own plane of elevation, that they may be reunited in friendship, love and harmony, with a thousand fold increased and ever increasing enjoyment.

Can there possibly be a more powerful stimulus to the practice and love of virtue, than the undoubting conviction that those whom we have loved with all the energies of our souls, are constantly with us and cognizant of all we do and say? We know that there is no other circumstance that can produce one-tenth part of the influence upon our own mind, exclusive of our natural love of virtue, for itself, that this known fact produces. How can a rational mind consent to be guilty of any act of baseness, though no mortal witness can possibly be knowing to it, when he knows that such loved ones see all his acts, hear all his words and read all his thoughts. This most important fact is not only believed by Spiritualists, but it is absolutely known to many thousands of them, to whose interior sight their spirit friends are visible. Not only no act or word, but no prominent thought, can be kept from the knowledge of those ever watching guardians. The thought of this great truth is enough to make any reflecting person shudder at the idea of doing an immoral act or cherishing an impure purpose.

## Astounding Success of an Experiment in Mesmerism.

From our Old Elbow Chair.

[The following, though somewhat embellished in the narration, was a true history of an occurrence, thirteen years ago, furnished for the *Western Literary Messenger*. The clairvoyant was one of those excrecences, attached to the exterior of Mesmerism, which every new science has to encounter, in its struggles for general recognition. Ed. A. of P.]

It is well known to the citizens of Buffalo, that a worthy family in this city, a few days since, were thrown into deep affliction by the sudden disappearance of an interesting boy of five years of age. As the cir-



circumstances of the loss of the child, although familiar to every body here, may nothave reached your distant readers, it is hoped the citizens of Buffalo will not deem it supererogatory that I detail them.

Night came, and the little family circle gathered, as usual, to the evening meal. As the eyes of each surveyed the whole, a vacant place appeared, and the inquiry was simultaneously uttered by all, "Where is Billy?" As no one could recollect having seen him for a number of hours, the mother soon became alarmed—the house was searched—all his usual haunts were searched—all his little play-fellows were enquired of—the whole city was searched—the bell man was sent through all the streets—the wole family, with their friends and neighbours, were in search for the little missing one; and the night was passed by the family in sleepless, harrowing excitement. The morning came, messengers returned from various routes, neighbors enquired, but there were no tidings. Hand-bills were posted offering a large reward—the daily papers described the missing child in every particular, and held out the offered bounty in prominent characters; but the day repeatedly succeeded the night, and the night the day, without bringing a ray of comforting hope to the afflicted parents, that they should ever again behold their child. O, how intolerable to a mother is such suspense! Could her child have been found in a cistern—in the canal—in the creek—or even crushed on a rail-road, the acme of parental affliction would have been reached, and the harrowing of intense anxiety would have given way to the gushing flood that alone can afford relief to a heart swollen with grief to its utmost tension. But even this dreadful remedy could not be procured for the throbbing breast of the mother; and the symptoms produced by the excitement seriously threatened her life.

In extreme cases, even philosophers will sometimes so far admit the possibility that miracles may be wrought by silly jugglers, as not only to allow them to practice their impositions in their presence, but actually to fee them for their folly. It was so on this occasion. A professor of——what shall we call it? *Lapidology* (you will not find it in any of the modern dictionaries—it is of both latin and greek parentage, and means the art of power or seeing all creation in a little stone,) presented himself proffering miraculous aid to the afflicted, and was listened to. A German woman had reported that she had seen just such a boy as the one described in the advertisement, at the house of a German, without the suburbs of the city; affirming at the same time, that she knew they had no children. Taking advantage of this tale, the man with the miraculous vision, buried his face in an old hat, in which was his magic pebble, and commenced exploring the vicinity for the lost boy. He directly discovered him, or one exactly answering the description, in the house of a German, a short distance out of town, lying on a bed, asleep, looking as if he had recently been weeping.—Messengers were immediately dispatched (such is still the *gullibility* of our wonder seeking race) in quest of the child and its abductor. In due time the messengers returned; but the boy was not found; nor did the man with the magic pebble stay to witness the result of his imposition, the effect of which was to add shame to grief, and render the afflicted still more miserable.

The sixth day had arrived, and no intelligence could be obtained.—The mother was fast sinking, and the lineaments of intense mental agony were traceable upon the countenance of the father. It was at this time that a person who had given much attention to the so-called science of Animal Magnetism, ventured to suggest an experiment in Mesmerism in favor of the bereaved family. The proposition was favourably received by some, and laughed at by others. Those who believed nothing of the new science, insisted that it was cruel to insult the feelings of a family in deep affliction, with repeated experiments in all the stultifying humbugs of prevailing quackery. On the contrary, it was urged that it could do no hurt to the living or the dead; and that if it had no other good effect, it would serve to test the genuineness or spuriousness of the science.

With a fair prospect of a good opportunity to laugh the advocates of the new humbug out of countenance, the objectors gave way, and

an experiment was resolved on. One who was present knew a young lady who had been frequently magnetised; and she was prevailed upon to make an excursion in the spirit, in search of the child. She was seated in an arm chair—a cushion was placed behind her head—she leaned back, gave all her attention to the magnetiser, and he commenced his manipulations. He clawed her according to the strict letter of the science, for about fifteen minutes, when her eyes were fast closed, not a muscle moved, and animation seemed totally suspended.

When she was deemed sufficiently sound asleep, the magnetiser willed her spirit to slip through the grates of its slimy prison house, which Byron (with prophetic anticipation of an original thought of our own sublime Bobby Tyler) characterises as "The dome of thought, the palace of the soul," and go with him on a short voyage of discovery along the creek. He traveled with her mentally to one of the docks high up the harbor, and enquired of her what she saw there? A sweet smile played over her tranquil countenance, as her lips moved for the first time, and she replied, "Water, mud, a rotten log of wood, and a few small fishes, playing around it." "Come with me farther down—now look in the water and see what you can discover here," "I see two rusty iron hoops, some bones, and a piece of an old rope." "Come let us go farther down—now look and see what you can discover here."—This was the dock from which the steamboat "Allen" had departed for Detroit, on the day of the disappearance of the boy. "What do you see here?" enquired the magnetiser. At this moment the countenance of the girl manifested the most painful emotion: a flood of tears restored her power of utterance, and she begged in the most moving tone of supplication, to be taken away. As soon as the magnetiser could bring his will to bear upon her so as to restore her to firmness and composure, he repeated the query, "What do you see at the bottom of the creek?" To which she replied, with her eyes still suffused with tears, "I see a dear little boy lying dead there; and the fishes are playing about him, darting at his face and hands occasionally, and trying to nibble the flesh from them."

This was an appalling announcement to the scoffers at Mesmerism.—They drew near—they gazed breathlessly at the face of her whose spirit it was temporarily freed from the blinding veil of matter with which it is associated while on earth, and they saw that intense emotion which rises from the depths of the heart, and heaves the throbbing bosom in a manner which no actor, however great his imitative genius, can ever counterfeit. They saw the gushing of that fountain which opens not at the bidding of insincerity, and they knew she was no impostor; but they still hoped it was a delusion. They hoped there was no child there, for they could no more bear to acknowledge the truth of Mesmerism, than the scribes and pharisees could bear to acknowledge the divinity of Christ, even when they saw the graves open and the rocks rending asunder.

One of the doubting spectators, who had received a minute description of the child's apparel, now drew near and requested the magnetiser to ask the girl to describe the clothes in which the drowned child was dressed. To the query propounded accordingly, she replied with minute exactness as to the kind of cloth and manner of making; and said his pantaloons were buttoned over his coat—that the buttons on his coat were not all alike—that he had an apron on, and that it was fastened with hooks and eyes. All these particulars were known by some who were present to be the precise description of the apparel of the lost boy. To doubt longer would have been madness; and the most skeptical now agreed that they should immediately repair to the spot and make diligent search for the lost body.

They accordingly hastened to the dock, at the point where the spirit of the magnetised girl had made the discovery, and proceeded to drag the bottom of the creek. They made three unsuccessful efforts, and the skeptical began to take courage. At this moment a steamboat was seen approaching the harbor. It was found to be the "Allen," the same which left that spot six days previously, and which would now return to the same place again. A bystander of experience observed to



those engaged in making the search, that when the steamboat came in, her wheels would produce a commotion in the water, which would probably cause the body to rise from the bottom, if it was lying there. If it had lain there six days, it must be swollen, and of course lighter than its bulk of water, and only required motion enough to loosen its clothes from the bottom.

The boat came in—the water boiled like a caldron—the body of the boy—the identical boy which was lost—was recovered! Yes, reader, it had on the same clothes described by the girl—the same apron—the same variety of buttons which she described, were on the coat—it was indeed the body of poor little Billy—yes, and the soul too, for he was as much alive as he was when he left home, and had only taken a trip to Detroit on the steamboat “Allen.”

### Philosophy of Low Communications.

#### LESSON XII.

All effects are true to the causes which induce them. Nature in her diversified operations, in her uniform tendencies, is true to the life which animates it. That life is the everliving, never-dying Infinite—the cause of all causes, the postulate of all sequences, the unfathomable, measureless, incomprehensible Spirit of life, from whom came all animated beings, whose breath is ever in your nostrils and whose power exceeds all limit. The theory of the universe, who shall understand?—The philosophy of nature, who can comprehend? The vastness of the Infinite, who can describe? What profit hath a man, who launches forth into the immensity of creation, and thereby loses the path which he has pursued, not knowing whence he came, nor whither he is going? Lost in the boundless sublimity and wonder, he neither profits by the recollection of the past, nor dares to avail himself of the advantages of the future. Unlike this is the man who, steady in his purpose, forgets not the path he has trod, nor loses himself in the mazy labyrinths of conjecture and speculation upon improbabilities and fanciful imaginings, but pursues the path he knows to be safe and secure, content with the blessings it yields, although no startling discoveries elicit the applause of ignorance.

My friends, be not impatient for wonders from heaven, which will startle the ignorant and arouse the stupid. You little know the disastrous consequences which would necessarily accompany such manifestations. Perilous indeed would be the effect upon those whom you wish most to serve. Such is the energy of passion aroused, that it is far more harmless to awaken the lion in his bed than to arouse the passions of the ignorant, unguided as they would be by the wisdom necessary to a calm investigation of the philosophy of nature. Were we to grant all which even advanced spiritualists desire, there would come such consequences as they would have reason to deplore. We desire you to understand, that extreme passion, no matter by what cause induced, is dangerous to the individual, and detrimental to society. The welfare depends, not upon the excitement of passion, but upon the considerate reasoning of the human soul. Marvellous manifestations inspire, and what? They who possess understanding feel their understandings quickened. They who have not understanding but have passion, feel passion kindle into a flame. Therefore, desiring to govern men by the understanding, we desire not to control them by passion, lest passion reign a despot, and crush the rights of man. As man is progressed to understandingly receive and profit by manifestations from the spirit world, so it is useful and consistent with nature to present them—not otherwise.

My friends, another thing is worthy of particular attention. Whenever you meet to receive instruction from spirits, be cautious and considerate, avoiding all vain trifling. Permit me to say, that greater mischief has been introduced into circles through incautious and inconsiderate speech, than even mediums themselves are aware of. Trifling with spirits, as it is called, is a serious misnomer. They who trifle under circumstances in which circles meet, abuse the good sense and un-

derstanding of reflecting minds; they trifle not with us, but with their own vanity; and let it be known, that the circle of spirits interested in the disclosure of this series of lessons neither sympathize nor communicate under circumstances which forbid all appreciation of the sentiments which we teach. All communication, therefore, addressed to the passions of men, gratifying the levity, the vanity, the ignorance, the superstition, and the man-worship theories of human wisdom, emanate from a source corresponding with the mask which is on the face of the communication itself. And are even such spirits censurable for the offices which they fill? How could they fill them unless solicited to do so, and vessels were offered in which to drop the supplies for those who desire? I communicate not this information because it is new to you; but because it is truthful and applicable to many circles, convened ostensibly for elevated and valuable communications. Place any medium in a circle where nothing but the worthless is desired and nothing but the worthless will be received. Why? Because that is all that such condition will appreciate; and that circle of spirits, who have higher and holier duties to discharge, will not descend to any point inconsistent with, and antagonistic to, their sublime purposes.

My friends, understand me. This circle desires no effected gravity of countenance; no cheerfulness is reproved; but the inconsiderate levity and trifling, indulged in the name and under the banner of spiritualism, are inconsistent with candor and progress.

We cordially express our warmest thanks to such of you as have patiently attended and faithfully recorded the utterances of the spirits, during this session of lessons. Long may you cherish the sentiments we have unfolded and carry the same with you through the journey of your pilgrimage on earth, so that, in your transition, we may receive you as good and faithful servants, who “have fought the good fight,” with weapons peaceful and attractive, and that you may wear the crown of dignity, and admiration, and loveliness, which shall not be taken from you.

### The Career of an Infidel.

The third and fourth numbers of the London *Millennium Gazette*, for the 1st and 15th of May, contain a short narrative of Robert Owen's practical proceedings, which will henceforth become a remarkable episode in the history of the 19th century. The zeal, the activity, and the faith of Mr. Owen are unwearied; no man has exerted himself more, and sacrificed more, for what he considered the benefit of mankind, than he has done. He has been visited by emperors, kings, princes, archbishops, and dignitaries of every description, and visited them in return; he has travelled through Europe and America, and been received at courts by sovereigns and their ministers with great distinctions; not seeking power and place for himself, or any personal favor, or even caring to enjoy the pleasures of high life, but entirely bent on converting the rulers, and persuading them to relinquish the power they now possess, and abandon the habit of ruling as they now do, by force and fraud. Such has been his personal character, that he has always been accessible to these men; he even as he affirms, converted them. Prince Metternich himself was converted; Santa Anna, the great Mexican General and President, was also converted; Lord Liverpool was an enthusiastic disciple; the Queen's father was his special friend. He seems to think that the great are nearer to the truth than the people, and more willing to resign their all, to divest themselves of rank and wealth, than the priests and people are willing to let them; hence he always seeks to work with governments and great men. But they can do nothing, being bound. He has been a secret worker in many public affairs, on one occasion he crossed the Atlantic four times in five months, as a volunteer mediator between the two countries under President Van Buren and Lord Aberdeen, and succeeded. He even proposed to settle the differences between Rome and Oxford, and persuaded the Bishop of Mexico to be his representative at Rome; but political affairs in Mexico intervened.—He introduced the infant schools; and he persuaded the King of Prus-



sia to establish a national system of education for Prussia. He has an autograph letter from the king to testify to the fact. He has had personal or written correspondence with almost all the great politicians of Christendom for the last forty years on the one great subject, the regeneration of society; and during the late Peace Congress, his memorials were there, as they also were at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, when they were candidly studied and admired by Prince Metternich. Judging by works, and not by faith, Owen is a very good man; but judging by article of faith and not by works, he is a very bad one, for he is an awful heretic, an Ismael, or wild, hairy man, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him;" and yet he is the most peaceful and gentle of all men. With all the practical boastings of the leaders of the pseudo-Christian church, what man among them has done more, or suffered more for the amelioration and elevation of his race than this same infidel Robert Owen? It is a fair question. Let them answer it if they can.—*Chris. Spiritualist.*

### Washington.

From the Speech of Mr. Webster, delivered at the celebration on the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington! "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respected, most sublime? and I doubt not, that by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington!

This structure, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or a single state—ascends the colossal grandeur of his character and his life. In all the constituents of the one—in all the acts of the other—in all its titles to immortal love, admiration and renown—it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our trans-Atlantic liberty. Born upon our soil—of parents also born upon it—never for a moment having had a sight of the old world—instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people—growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society—growing up amidst our expanding, but not luxurious, civilization—partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man—our agony of glory, the war of independence—our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union and the establishment of the Constitution—he is all—all our own! That crowded and glorious life—

"Where multitudes of virtues passed along,  
Each pressing foremost, in the mighty throng,  
Contending to be seen, then making room  
For greater multitudes that were to come;—"

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgivings of friends—I turn to that transcendent name for courage, and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of prop-

erty, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness—to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory—to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples—to all these I reply by pointing to WASHINGTON!

From the Spiritual Messenger.

### Demonstrative Evidence of Spirit Existence.

July 20th, 1856.—In my own rooms (258½ Walnut Street,) with Mr. W. F. Van Vleck, no other person being present. I made the following, among other experiments:

Placed a pencil between the leaves of a book, a piece of blank paper on the outside, all of which Mr. Van Vleck held under the table with his left hand, his right being on the table, we sitting at opposite sides. Spite of all my futile efforts to discover how it was done, the paper was written upon.

The experiment was several times repeated. I then placed a piece of blank paper with a pencil, within the drawer of the same table, which was also written upon, while the drawer was closed. This was also repeated at one time, myself holding the drawer into the table.

We were then requested to fasten up the drawer, and myself to leave the room. I then took a large piece of wrapping paper, tore it apart in such a manner that no other piece could be made to match either of the two, which perfectly coincided, and identified each other. Placed one in the drawer of another table which I locked securely, placing the key in my own pocket. Put the other piece of paper into the drawer before used: bound a cord around the drawer and table in such a manner as to keep the drawer closed, then put the cord through the folding doors, holding it on the opposite side so as to bring the table against the door in such a manner as to render it impossible for the drawer to be opened without my knowing it. On being requested to return to the room, I found both papers—which I had put into the drawers perfectly blank—enclosed within the drawers as I put them, but with sentences written upon them in a distinct legible hand. One contained a message to myself signed "Wm. North," who claims to be the spirit which animated the body of an Englishman, by that name.

This experiment was repeated with, if possible, still more precaution, the same results following.

I know that during all this time I was in my normal state, perfectly free from all excitement: that had there been any fraud or trickery connected with it I should have discovered it. I know it was impossible for any person in the body to have made that writing by any physical agencies.

Mr. Van Vleck appears to be an upright young man, and solemnly protested that he had no conscious knowledge of the means by which it was done. But I set aside his testimony, relying solely on the utter impossibility of his doing it.

From these and other facts equally unmistakable and demonstrative, I attribute the facts to the agencies claiming to produce them, viz: human spirits who have left the "earthly house." I could mention other phenomena of the most extraordinary character in the presence of Mr. Van Vleck, but it will be unnecessary for me to state them, since he will remain in the city a few weeks and afford to all interested an opportunity to witness for themselves.

J. H. FOWLER.

### THE SHOEMAKER AND THE WINE MERCHANT.

A poor shoemaker took a shop in the Boulevards of Paris. As he was industrious, expeditious, and punctual, his customers rapidly increased. After the lapse of a few months a wine merchant opened a shop next to the shoemaker's and the latter, to be on good terms, stepped in, from time to time, to take a drink of wine. Soon he perceived a dangerous habit was forming; and he discontinued his visits to the vintner's for some days. The wine merchant inquired the reason.

"I have no money," was the shoemaker's reply.

"O, no matter," said the vintner, "come in and drink."

The shoemaker accepted the invitation, till so considerable a sum



was run that his best clothes were pawned for payment. A festival drew near; the shoemaker asked the vintner to lend him his clothes for that day, and was refused.

Much chagrined, the shoemaker cast about for some means of revenge. The wine merchant had a hen with a fine brood of chickens, which used often to venture near the shoemaker's shop. He procured some bread, scattering it upon the floor, enticed the hen with her chickens to eat, then catching them he stripped off all their feathers, and turned them loose to go back to their owner. Enraged at the enormous cruelty, the merchant makes complaint and seeks redress.

"Friend," said the shoemaker, "you have no occasion for complaint. I have done that to your fowls which you did to me. You enticed me into your shop—you stripped me of my clothes and left me destitute. On the charge of cruelty we are equal, though the baits we used were different."

#### A CAPITAL STORY.

The sermon in our February Number has recalled to an Alton, Ill., correspondent, one which was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close, he said: "Brethren, I am a hostler, and I must carry these horses before I leave. Here is the high blooded *Episcopalian* horse; see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, soft as silk; but he'll kick you if you touch him on his litanies or prayers: Whoa, sir, whoa! Here is an old sober *Methodist* horse! Whoa! old fellow! Just slip away his love feasts and class meetings, and he'll kick till he falls. Whoa! you old shouter! whoa! Ah *here* is the horse that is ready to kick at all times; don't you go near confessional or penance. Whoa! Mr. Pope! how beautiful his trappings are!—his suplice and miter! whoa, sir, whoa!" and so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered his services to conclude, which were readily accepted. He said: "Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed upon two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work; *Here* is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain: you cannot trust him: he'll kick his best friends for a controversy. Whoa! MULE, whoa! See, brethren, how he kicks: Whoa! you old Campbellite! Here friends, is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me into his stall to eat from his trough: he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him: he is so hard mouthed that Sampson used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa, you close communion Baptist, whoa!" "Do you mean to call me an ass!" exclaimed the minister jumping up. "Whoa," continued his tormentor: "see him kick, whoa! Hold him friends, whoa!" and thus the old gentleman went on: the minister ranting meanwhile until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely "curried" before.—*Knickerbocker*.

#### Curran.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stagecoach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the doorpost, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeded rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach.—Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow finished the coat and then the trowsers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with a sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, snugly seated in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances to be sure

his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "O, never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way—I am obliged to you for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran, pray what is yours?" The other was thunder-struck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion, and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.—*Mackenzie*.

#### A Good Dog STORY.

The Lawrence (Mass.) *Sentinel*, tells a dog story, and it is so decidedly good that we cannot refrain from giving it a place in our columns, although it may be a month or two out of season. Thus it goes:—"The past winter afforded the boys and girls fine sport in sliding or coasting, as the hills in the outskirts of the city can testify. But it has not been confined to them or to children of a larger growth. Some time since when the snow was covered with a smooth icy crust, a gentleman upon Prospect Hill, looking out of his window one morning, saw a little dog seated on his haunches sliding down the steep bank before his house. He supposed the dog had slipped, and was compelled, as many of his betters of the human race, old and young, have this winter, to illustrate some of the laws of motion upon an inclined plane. But the dog, as soon as he reached the bottom of the bank, ran up again in full life to the top, and assuming the same position again slid down. This was repeated as long as the gentleman looked, with apparently as much delight as was ever experienced by a boy or girl in the same amusement."

— After all, the most natural beauty in the world, is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measure that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.

#### Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

It devolves upon the undersigned to invite the friends of Truth, Purity and Progress, without distinction of sect or name, to attend the Second Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, to be held at Kerr's Corners, in North Collins, Erie Co., N. Y., at the Presbyterian church, on the 29th, 30, and 31st days of August, 1856, commencing on Friday, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Their object is not to build up a sect endowed with authority to define the boundaries of thought, and restrain the freedom of speech, but to associate in the spirit of love, persons of every shade of theological opinion, for the investigation of those questions of individual and social duty to which the present degree of civilization has brought us, and to give their combined testimony against the various forms of popular wickedness now known as human slavery, intemperance, political oppression, bigoted exclusiveness, &c., &c.

All those desirous of co-operating in such a movement are respectfully invited to meet at the time and place above named.

L. H. PITCHER,  
NANCY PITCHER,  
GEO. W. TAYLOR,  
ROSETTA H. KEER,  
WM. H. HOISINGTON,  
RACHEL HOISINGTON,  
CHARLES C. KERBY,  
DAVID R. AVERY,

} Committee.

The following are a Committee of Arrangements for the entertainment of strangers:

HUMPHREY SMITH, Shirley, (North Collins);

WALTER WOOD, Kerr's Corners;

HORACE GOODRICH, Brant;

GEO. LAWTON, Eighteen Mile Creek Station, (North Evans.)

North Collins, July 8. 1856.



## Elocution.

FROM OUR OLD ELBOW CHAIR.

Where are we to look for a permanent guide to the youthful genius of our country, in all those unwritable traits of excellence, which give power, dignity, harmony and grace to oratory; but which authors may in vain attempt to describe in treatises or strictures on the subject?

Shall we seek them in the Halls of Legislation, where modern statesmen are sent to abuse each other for conflicting sentiments in politics? The representatives there assembled, are chosen for other qualifications than their refinement in rhetoric. And although we find occasionally in these bodies, men gifted with much of the power and grace of winning, suasive eloquence, they are not available, as pattern orators, to one in a thousand of the youth of our country.

Shall we depend upon the Stage for models of excellence in elocution, to be emulated by our youth? Here objections so multiply, and present themselves with features so forbidding, that an affirmative answer would be indubitable evidence of folly, if not of depravity.

Where, then, may we seek for the desired source of refinement, in which there is no alloy of demoralizing influence—where pure moral sentiment, enriched with the best treasures of well cultivated intellect, and beautified with all the graces of style, flows from a fountain never made turbid by agitating passion, never polluted by unholy thought? Every thinking mind will at once respond, The Pulpit, *unprofaned*, is and ever must be the principal available source of moral, intellectual and rhetorical refinement, to all but the few to whom affluence opens the great treasure-houses of knowledge. The sacred desk in the house of God, is every where accessible and free to all. There, at least one day in every seven, are all privileged to attend; and there they have a right to expect, and should not fail to hear Virtue and Vice depicted in their appropriate colorings, with all the force and beauties of rhetoric, in strict conformity to the settled idiom of *our own country*.

Happily for us, this expectation, in many honorable instances, is fully realized. But it is most seriously to be regretted, that, in too many cases, it is grievously disappointed, especially in the latter particular. It is a lamentable fact, that many, too many of our gifted countrymen pay the most servile deference to the pronunciation, manner and style of European declaimers. To such an extent is this slavish obsequiousness carried, that we frequently have to witness labored efforts of American speakers, to produce that flutter of the tongue, which is termed the *brogue* of Europeans.

It is bad enough, it is disgusting enough, to see American citizens make themselves ridiculous and contemptible, by tufts of hair protruding from beneath their noses, in imitation of a custom by which semi-barbarians seek to add ferociousness to their countenances. We take this to be too strange a taste to be entertained by men of sense in this country, and are wont to attribute it to cerebral vacuity, or to some other one of those defects of organic conformation, which craniological science has discovered to exist in singular specimens of the *genus homo*. But how shall we account for the similar depravity of taste, evinced by American speakers, in training their unwilling organs of speech in the performance of a difficult feat of corrupt pronunciation, which is an acknowledged blemish of European oratory? Surely Titania's fancy, though it had been an incident of real life, could have been little more anomalous or astonishing than this; nor was the object of her fondness a more revolting monster of its kind, than this monster of pronunciation, *whurring* on an American tongue.

We are frequently pained and grieved, if not disgusted, to hear one of our clergymen, when he gets an accented syllable or an emphasised word into his mouth, in which the letter *r* occupies a position to suit him, and he *r*-r-rls at his hearers as an urchin hurls his club at the boughs of a fruit tree. And who will deny that the one whirling missile is as mischievous in its effects upon the objects it hits, as the other? Who is there that would not sooner have his *limbs* slightly bruised, than to have his nerves harrowed by such labored affectation

from the pulpit? This foreign "brogue," of which our junior clergy, and not a few of their seniors, are so much and so strangely enamored, is so unnatural and so difficult of practice to an American, that when he first attempts to set his tongue to fluttering, to produce the desired sound, the "unruly member" throws itself upon its reserved rights, and stubbornly refuses to perform the degrading service.

It is only long practice and untiring effort, that a degree of perfection can be attained, to enable an American tongue to send out one of these words with sufficiently nimble gyrations, to *bore* the ear of the hearer to the speaker's satisfaction. Whether a preacher of the gospel could or could not be better employed in doing the will of his Divine Master, while he is practising his organs of articulation to this barbarous outrage upon elocution; or whether affectation be or be not a virtue becoming his high calling, we will leave to casuists to determine. We will only say for ourself, that we have not, nor ever can have, any fellowship for affectation, either in deportment, manner of speech, style of oratory, physiognomical display of extreme sanctimoniousness, or in any of the innumerable forms and phases, in which it is continually presenting itself, in this age of everything but plain, simple sincerity.

## An Infectious Disease.

We have received a communication from a "close observer," at Perysburgh, informing us of a fearful disease, which is now prevailing to a great extent through the Maumee Valley.

Our correspondent says: "its tendency seems to be not so much towards the destruction of the physical man, as towards the ruin of the inner man. 'Its steps take hold on Hell,' and is very contagious. Old and young, male and female, rich and poor are alike struck down by its influence. It also prevails to an alarming extent among church members, who ought naturally to be the most exempt from it. They are seized with it, sometimes, while at church, and a "close observer" says they take particular pains to circulate false reports about their neighbors.

Dear reader, the "Great Physician" once correctly diagnosed this strange malady, as "Backbiting." In these modern days, it is called "Slander."

Its symptoms are numerous, depending much upon the peculiar constitution or temperament of the person affected. It manifests itself sometimes by "Downright Lying;" "sometimes by only half saying things;" sometimes by *INTENDO*; sometimes by a peculiar manner of asking questions; sometimes by a peculiar shrug of the shoulders; sometimes by the look of the eye; and sometimes, as we once heard a venerable clergyman, say by a severe letting alone, by passing right along and not noticing."

This disease strikes so deeply at character which is dearer than life, that it is to be hoped all our friends will guard against its precursory symptoms.

The precursory symptoms are a disposition to hear and repeat ill of our neighbor, and this disposition once formed, the patient falls an easy prey to the dread disease. Beware then of the premonitory symptoms. The medicine which we have seen used with the best effect, is one recommended by the "Great Physician" himself, and is called the "Golden Rule."

"Do to others, as ye would they should do unto you."—*Toledo Blade*.

## PADDY AND THE CARPET SIGN.

America beats the world for business signs; and Pat beats the rest of mankind for blunders. The fashion of inserting the number of the building among the lettering of the sign, was what Patrick had not been accustomed to reading; and, spelling on either hand, as he went up Broadway, he came to the sign of a carpet store, which read thus:

645.

## CARPET STORE.

"Six hunthered and forty-five *carpets tore*," exclaimed the astonished Pat. "Sarved 'em right—bad luck till 'em—they dit it *sthratching* 'em."



For the Age of Progress.

MR. EDITOR; You will confer a favor on the party complimented in the following correspondence, by giving it a place in the columns of your paper:

To WILLIAM SYLVESTER, foreman of the Buffalo Eagle Iron Works.—

A tribute of respect, by the proprietors and the artisans and laborers of the establishment. July 31st, 1856.

As this is the last day that you are to remain with us, we deem it due to you and to ourselves to manifest our appreciation of your moral qualities, your gentlemanly deportment, and the kindness and sympathy which have characterized your supervision of our labors, whilst we have been under your direction. The unbroken harmony which, for so long a time, has existed between us, has sweetened our toil and given to the hours of labor wings of swiftness, which, all too soon, have brought around this day of parting. But we are consoled by the reflection that you go at the call of a more auspicious destiny, to the retirement and repose which your accumulating years and worn form demand for you.

Take with you, wherever your lot may be cast, our warmest friendship and best wishes for your welfare. And we beg of you to accept as a token of our friendship and esteem, this cup, from which you will imbibe that pure element which so aptly symbolizes your own spirit; and this pair of optic glasses, by which art aids nature to piece out that inestimable blessing, which has been deteriorated by constant and faithful application of your physical organs, to the duties of life.

Presented by

G. COLWELL.

REPLY BY MR. SYLVESTER.

Respected friends: It is with pleasure that I receive these tokens of your high esteem. And let me assure you that the sentiments which have prompted you to this generous act, are cordially reciprocated to you all. Many of you have been with me for years, and I am proud to say that there has been no jarring string to mar the music of harmony among us. And it is due to your credit to say that ready obedience has ever marked your conduct; and when I have given advice or instruction, it has always been kindly received, and, to some extent appreciated, while I have been with you in the capacity of foreman. These tangible testimonials of respect for me, just retiring from the field of labor, will tend in no small degree to soften the asperities of my declining years. This beautiful Cup shall occupy the most conspicuous place in my best room, and the inscription engraved upon it, shall tell to all who see it, the respect its donors had for me. Whenever it is called into active service, it shall bear to the lip nature's beverage, (pure water). The demon of Intemperance shall not enter there. So far as I am concerned, that monster vice was laid in the dust, and its funeral requiem was sung, thirty-three years ago. This cup shall not be desecrated—no, it shall be held sacred for the sake of those who gave it—and these glasses, mounted with the yellow metal, shall be my constant companions, and shall ever remind me of the respect you have shown me. I will wear them as badges of honor, conferred on me by the employers and employed of the largest and by far the most respectable establishment, of the kind, in Western New York.

Gentlemen, before closing, permit me to say a word in honor of your committee, (Mr. G. Colwell, Mr. Thos. Bowen, and Mr. Francis Baney.) My respectful acknowledgments are especially due to them for the gentlemanly manner in which they have discharged the duty assigned them.

I was taken by surprise, which threw me off my balance for the moment; but I have righted up again; and though I need not apologise to you for my weakness, allow me to say that, although I am not unmoved by a painful emotion, on account of our parting, the drops which I could not restrain, were not those of grief, but those of gratitude for your kindly feelings.

Now let me bid you an affectionate farewell.

WILLIAM SYLVESTER.

Buffalo, 31st July, 1856.

## MURRAY & BAKER, Stationers, Book and Job Printers,

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